



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

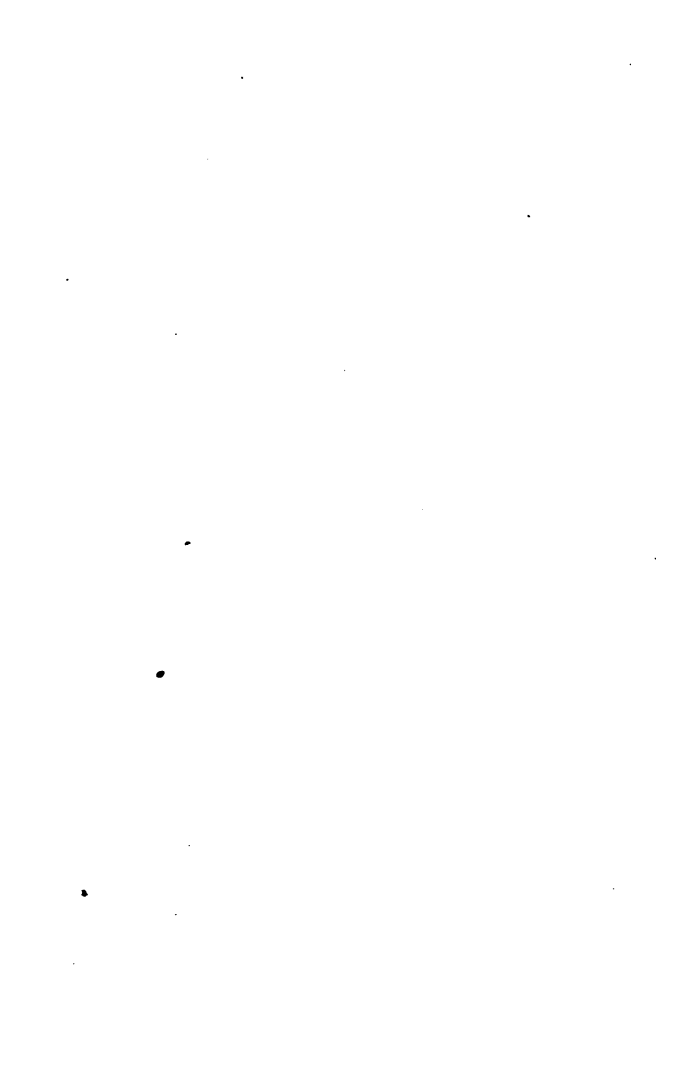
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



1330 f. 35.



PRECIOUS STONES

FROM A

STRANGE QUARRY.



PRECIOUS STONES

FROM A

STRANGE QUARRY;

OR,

Circus Needs and Gospel Blessings.

BY

THE REV. JOHN KNAPP,

ASSOCIATE OF KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON, AND INCUMBENT OF
ST. JOHN'S, PORTSEA; AUTHOR OF "THE CHURCH IN THE
CIRCUS," "THE SINS OF THE TONGUE," ETC.

"Elasticity of expansion, therefore, is not inconsistent with the theory of the Church of England, and the primary construction of her machinery."—*Charge of the Bishop of Winchester at his Eighth Visitation.*

LONDON:

JOHN F. SHAW AND CO.,

PATERNOSTER ROW, & SOUTHAMPTON ROW.

MDCCLXII.

PREFACE.

SOME four years since was published a brief narrative of the blessing which had been poured out upon the preaching of the Word at Portsea. The interest which that publication excited has necessitated the production of this little volume.

Since that time, many and frequent have been the inquiries which have been made; some of them even from beyond the limits of the British Isles, concerning the progress of the work; while not a few of those interested in the subject of special services have expressed their gratification and surprise that the preaching of Christ's Gospel at the Circus has not yet ceased.

The following pages will contain an answer to the many who desire to make further inquiry upon the subject; while, at the same time, they may perchance prove interesting to others, who are at present ignorant of the blessing which God has conferred upon this place and neighbourhood.

Another end has also been sought in the publication of this narrative. Every poor sinner who can bear testimony to the work of grace upon his own soul, is a witness that the Gospel is still the "power of God unto salvation." Each one who consciously and experimentally can testify, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see," strikes with a giant blow against the Sadducean heresy of the nineteenth century.

Men are not wanting in the present day, those who, while professing the Chris-

PREFACE.

tian name, hesitate not to disparage the
“gospel of the grace of God: With the
the old faith has become “effete,” worn
out, and inadequate to the wants of the
present generation. A “new evangel” is
sought for and desired, suited to the ad-
vancement and intellectual wants of the
age, and whereby man, under successive
stages of mental training, may become
self-developed and self-regenerated.

The simple facts recorded in the fol-
lowing pages exemplify that Christ’s
Gospel is still mighty to save, as in the
olden times; that God is still pleased,
through the “foolishness of preaching,
to save them that believe;” and that,
as in past days so now, the cross of
Christ, though foolishness to the Greek,
and a stumbling-block to the Jew, is
still unto them which are called the
power of God and the wisdom of God.”

The Master himself has said, "No man having drunk old wine straightway desireth new, for he saith the old is better."

It is a satisfaction to have received the assurance that the publication of the "Church in the Circus" was not unattended with benefit. From more localities than one has the information been received that the example therein detailed has been followed by others with the happiest results.

It will be a matter of heart-felt gratitude to a good and covenant God, if in any way the present volume may be instrumental in provoking to jealousy, in stirring to renewed exertion, or in quickening the zeal of those who are labouring for the extension of the kingdom of the Saviour Christ.

PORTSEA, *Christmas*, 1861.

PRECIOUS STONES

FROM

A STRANGE QUARRY.

CHAPTER I.

“A man who gets into the habit of inquiring about proprieties and expediences and occasions, often spends his life without doing anything to the purpose. The state of the world is such, and so much depends upon action, that everything seems to say loudly to every man, ‘Do something’—‘Do it’—‘Do it.’”—CÆCIL.

IN his essay upon innovations, Lord Bacon remarks, “It is good not to try experiments in states, except the necessity be urgent, or the utility be evident; and well to beware that it is a reformation which draweth on the change, and not the desire of change that pretendeth the reforma-

tion." These words are true and weighty. They can avail in more senses than one. They apply to churches as well as to states, and they may have respect to every fresh movement which is made for the adaptation of our services to the wants of the people.

The opening of Hengler's circus, at Portsmouth, for the preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ, was an experiment. But it was made through no desire for change, or thirst for novelty. There appeared to be both an urgent necessity and an evident utility to warrant the undertaking. Thousands were dying in their sins, uncared for and unnoticed. Many walked in darkness and saw no light. Multitudes sat in the region and shadow of death, and to them no light had sprung up, Matt. iv. 16. Then it was that the hand of the Lord pointed to an instrumentality, as one

among other means, whereby brands might be plucked from the burning. His providence overruled and set in motion a spiritual machinery; and what his providence opened up, his grace was pleased to multiply and bless.

In this circus movement two things were mainly sought for at the very outset. *FIRST, and chiefly*, the glory of God in the salvation of precious souls to Jesus Christ; and *SECONDLY*, that the effort, however irregular it might appear to be by some, should be made in connection with the Church of England, and in strict accordance with, and subserviency to, Church order.*

The locality itself presented a fair field for the trial of such an experiment.

* The details of this movement in its commencement have already been laid before the public, it will be therefore unnecessary here to repeat them.

Portsmouth, as is well known, is England's chief naval station. Here is her largest arsenal. Here, ready to hand, exists every appliance for furnishing and sending forth her fleets. And here, in the splendid roadstead of Spithead, ride continually the navies of Old England. The population of Portsmouth, consisting of upwards of 90,000 souls, is exclusive of the military, who reside in large numbers, and the many sailors who enter the port. It must be obvious, from the fact that it is both a garrison and seaport town, that Portsmouth is necessarily characterized by much of iniquity and crime. And it is even so. Here, indeed, the Lord has a goodly number of his own believing people. Here, at any rate, are not a few who dare to witness a good confession. But here also, it may with truth be affirmed, is Satan's seat. Beer-shops, casinos, and low saloons

abound. Vice and infamy walk the thoroughfares unheeded and unchecked. Long habitual contact with scenes of ungodliness and sin have inured many of the respectable people to much that is exhibited in open daylight. Drunkenness, debauchery, and crime, like rank and noxious weeds, here thrive and grow, and produce their baneful fruits. An eye-witness writes—

“The disgorged contents of our men-of-war, poured perpetually and periodically into our streets—men inured but to the dangers of the deep, and little sensible of those upon land—flushed with means for the indulgence of their propensities, and little regardful of effects or consequences; these, with the proximity of the soldiers’ quarters, tend not a little to increase the natural immorality of large classes of the inhabitants. Beer-houses, with every fright-

ful appendage for infamy and vice, have been largely on the increase, and now amount, with public licensed houses, to upwards of 800 ; while, in regard to one sin alone, the police reports for the neighbourhood give a return of 4000 persons living in and by it, a return hardly to be credited but for the sources of information which they may be supposed to possess. It is no unusual thing to meet with scores of these unhappy creatures sauntering about our streets at a late, or rather, early hour of the morning ; the superintendent of police having on a recent occasion counted no less than 76 at one o'clock in the morning in one chief leading thoroughfare in Portsea.

“The Common Hard is that portion of the district of Portsea where the houses of the inhabitants abut upon the harbour's mouth. It is the chief landing-place from

the ships. The houses are chiefly dram-shops, and houses of refreshment. Numbers of watermen, who live by their boats, reside in the back streets and courts. These for the most part know no difference between man's lawful earning-day and the Lord's Sabbath, to get and gain being their chief apparent object in life; many of these wait upon ships, who may be considered the most respectable, but even they rarely attend any place of worship."

The Circus is situated more than half a mile from the Common Hard. It stands in a crowded thoroughfare where two ways meet. Not only do multitudes pass and repass, and throng the road beside it, but a large proportion of those who do business in great waters behold its unpretending exterior, and are attracted by its services.

In this place, once devoted to the ser-

great as in the ancient days. Nearly 1
ears have passed away since the Cir
as first opened for the proclamation
e gospel of Christ. Crowds still flock
hear the preached word. The anxiety
ten to the glad tidings of salvation is
eat as at the first. The sombre forebod
s of many timid friends have been falsi
!. The anticipations of many enemies
he truth have been frustrated. "The
elty will soon wear away," was the ex
ation of some. "Excitement wil
est for a while, but it will not con
," was the remark of others. Very
did not he

has passed away, but the people still press in to hear the Word of God. The "*excitement*," such as it was, has subsided, but the word of the Lord still has free course, and is glorified. And the reason for all this is very obvious. THE MOVEMENT WAS OF THE LORD. This was apparent from the very first. It could not therefore, but be successful, for "if HE work, who shall hinder," Isa. xliii. 13. There was a purpose in it all. A people were to be delivered from darkness to light through its instrumentality, who should be to the praise of the glory of his grace, vessels of mercy—illustrations of his workmanship—specimens of what his grace could effect, were to be exhibited, and all this was done that men might speak of the glory of his kingdom, and talk of his power, and abundantly utter

“ All creatures to his bounty owe
 Their being and their breath,
But greatest gratitude should flow
 In men redeemed from death.

“ His only Son he deigned to give ;
 What love this gift declares !
And all that in the Son believe,
 Eternal life is theirs.”

CHAPTER II.

"No other cure than the gospel has been discovered for the great moral malady wherewith man is afflicted. Anything which awakens men from their sleep, calls them from the service of mammon or of vice, breaks up their apathy, brings them to the house of prayer, opens their ears to the Word of God, and leads them into the presence of things eternal, invisible, supernatural, and divine, is by all suitable means to be countenanced."—*Quarterly Review*, January, 1860.

It is a strange and interesting sight which is to be witnessed Sunday after Sunday in the Circus. Here the people are gathered together in dense crowds. No pews, no aisles are here to break the continuity of the mass of human faces, turned upwards to catch the preacher's eye and hearken to his voice. Strangers who have

visited the evening service have been surprised with its solemnity, and have noticed with satisfaction the marked attention of the listening multitude. Not a few, after the manner of one of old, have been constrained to confess, "It was a true report that I heard in my own land, howbeit I believed not the words until I came, and mine eyes had seen it; and, behold, the half was not told me."

Among some who have been privileged, from time to time, to address this congregation is one who, in an article which he contributed to the "Youth's Magazine," has thus expressed his own impressions in connection with the work. He writes under the heading—

"A VISIT INTO HAMPSHIRE.

"I saw a singular sight in the town where I stayed. 'Ah,' say you, 'you

mean Nelson's ship; the one in which he fought and died—

“ ‘His ship the “Victory” named,
Long be that Victory famed,
For Victory crowned the day.’

Well, I saw that; but *it* is not the object that I mean. I saw a congregation of twenty-two hundred people assembled to worship God in a *circus*—a wooden building with a canvas roof—in which you might see the ring where the horses ran, the raised seats where the spectators sat, the orchestra in which the musicians played, and the remnants of the tawdry scraps of painting with which the building was ornamented. Eighteen months ago the building was converted from a place of noisy merriment into a house of prayer, and thither now flock up on the week-day and on the Lord's-day enormous multitudes of working people to listen to the

Word of the Lord. I don't suppose, on the Sunday night I was there, that there were forty persons who did not belong to the labouring classes. Dockyard labourers and their wives and children, old men and young men, from every department of trade, might be counted by hundreds. The psalm-singing was homely and hearty, and the behaviour of the large assemblage most devout. I had been asked to speak to them, and had *prepared* an address; but it wouldn't do, I knew. Sentences and sentiments turned out as smoothly as a filbert from its shell, were not the things for the hard-headed, hard-handed, yet warm-hearted flock who were assembled; so I fell upon a very homely theme, the Lord's Prayer, and talked to them about its precious contents for nearly an hour.

"This *was* the thing. They listened,

and sometimes seemed to smile a response, and, I trusted, carried to their homes some of the truths I published to their ears.

“The present day has witnessed several similar conversions of places. The place where Voltaire wrote his attacks on Christianity at Paris is now a shop where Bibles are sold. The playhouse at Sleaford, in Lincolnshire, is turned into an infant-school; the playhouse at Huntingdon into a church; while only three or four months ago the Colosseum at Bradford, which was a low place of public entertainment, underwent a similar metamorphosis, and is now a building in which Divine truth is regularly proclaimed. However, the Circus at Portsmouth (or rather at Portsea) is the most remarkable instance of all, from the singular nature of its materials and arrangement, as well

as from the abundant success which has marked the services there."

Nor have others been wanting in their expressions of heart sympathy and deep interest in the Lord's work in this place. The Rev. D. A. Doudney, in his broad sheet, "Old Jonathan," for August 15, 1859, thus wrote:—

"THE CHURCH IN THE CIRCUS.

"Since the publication of our June Number, the second anniversary of the opening of the above building for the service of God has passed. On the first anniversary it was Jonathan's great privilege to be present, and that scene he believes he shall never forget. About one thousand persons, almost exclusively of the working classes, were present at a prayer-meeting held at six o'clock in the morning; and the Lord, of a truth, was in the

midst of them. Another and densely-crowded assembly convened in the evening of the same day, and sat upon the hard benches for upwards of two hours without the semblance of weariness. With the exception of his own loved church, if there be one place more memorable to Jonathan than another, as that where the Lord has manifested himself in connection with the ministry of the Word, it is in the church of the Circus at Portsmouth. The fact is, Jonathan loves to see plenty of people. It is heart-warming; and when, as in the instances above referred to, not only a marked attention pervades the whole assembly, but a peculiar power and holy unction is realized in one's own soul, there cannot but be a corresponding conviction that 'the Lord is there,' and a blessing must follow.

“As the second anniversary fell on a

Saturday, no evening meeting could be held; but there was a prayer-meeting at six o'clock in the morning, as on the previous anniversary, at which the Revs. J. Knapp, J. W. Banks, F. Baldy, J. S. Sergeant, and J. C. Martin were present, and took part.

“God has evidently smiled upon this great work of the Church in the Circus. We believe it will be found, when the Lord shall come to number up his people, that hundreds were born there. The originator under God of this work, the Rev. J. Knapp, is now assisted by two eminent men of God, who alternately labour at the Circus, the Rev. J. Hawker and the Rev. J. C. Martin, upon whose ministrations Jonathan prays that a great blessing may descend.”

The whole secret of the success of the scattered Church of Christ preaching in

Antioch to the Grecians is to be found in the words, "The hand of the Lord was with them," Acts xi. 21. And it is just this which has been experienced in connection with the preaching of the Lord Jesus at the Circus. Through that same mighty influence many believed and turned to the Lord. Preaching is God's great ordinance for the conversion of souls. Wherever Christ is lifted up, there men will be attracted to him. Wherever the great trumpet blast is heard, there shall they come who were ready to perish. Whether beneath the fretted roof of the vast cathedral, or within the walls of a wooden circus, the Lord will ever honour the proclamation of his own truth. It is his own promise, "My Word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

CHAPTER III.

“Part not with these old names and words, each one
Contains an everlasting history—
A great soul’s history, which, like a pearl
Within its shell, lies hid. Fling not away
The shell because unpolished and uncouth,
Lest, in so doing, thou shouldst fling away
The gem whose lustre lies unseen within.”

BONAR.

“THE Lord shall count when he writeth
up the people, that this man was born
there.” In the great day of Christ’s ap-
pearing, when he shall gather his saints
together; in that day when he shall make
up his jewels, many shall be manifested
as precious stones who have been exca-
vated by divine grace from this strange
and untoward quarry. It is a good thing

to turn from mere generalities, and to be enabled to say, "Here are our witnesses." Indeed there are not a few who can be thus appealed to, and who can testify that "in time past they were not a people; but are now the people of God, who once had not obtained mercy, but now have obtained mercy."

Details of this nature, while they serve as specimens to illustrate the various characters who are from time to time brought under the power of the Word, serve also to cause the hearts of the Lord's people to be glad. They will surely trace the evidences of the Master's workmanship, and rejoice in each manifestation of his sovereign grace and saving mercy.

The following account of old L—— and his wife is extracted from the journal of the Scripture-reader who has visited them since their connection with the

Circus. The first notice of them is dated March 22, 1860 :—

“ Visited Mr. and Mrs. L——. I feel sure the Lord is teaching Mr. L——, and I am not without a hope that his wife also is under the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit. He is 69, and she is 71 years of age. It is only within the last two years that they have been brought to think seriously about their eternal condition. Mr. L—— especially is most anxious to know if he has a personal interest in the atoning work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and there is such a fear lest he should be deceived in this all-important matter. ‘ Can it be possible, sir,’ he said, ‘ that the Lord intends to show mercy to me, who for so many years lived in neglect of religion? Oh ! if I could but feel *sure*,’ he added, while his eyes were suffused with tears, ‘ if I could but feel *sure* that

my sins were pardoned, I should be satisfied.' I then spoke to him on the finished work of Christ, and also read to him part of Judges xiii. chap., concerning the angel appearing to Manoah. He replied, 'I often get a little comfort from the thought that God would not have done for me what he has, if he intended to destroy me. He would have permitted me to continue the same easy path I have been going in for so many years.'

"From this time I regularly visited them. Mr. L—— has been surely brought to rest upon Jesus as a little child, although at times sorely buffeted and tried by Satan. I never felt satisfied with his wife's condition until the following December, when, after the Wednesday evening service at the Circus, I was informed that she was dangerously ill, and desired to see me. I hastened to the house, and

beheld a scene of suffering and woe. The opinion of those around was that she could not survive the night. When she saw me, she feebly exclaimed, 'I am going. How kind of you to come and see me.' 'Going,' I replied, 'my dear friend, and where do you think you are going?' She answered with a smile, 'To heaven. I know I shall go there, for Jesus is mine.' She then added slowly, 'But not for anything I have *ever* done or *can* do, but only through his blood I have hope.' I quoted a few passages from the Word to her, and commended her to the Lord in prayer. She continued in a very precarious state for some time, and gave a sweet testimony that she was building alone on the rock Christ Jesus. Through the mercy of the Lord, she has recovered in some measure her wonted health, and both she and her husband are now fellow-pilgrims on the

road to Zion. Though very poor in this world's goods, they are rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom of God."

An occasional visitor at the Circus cannot but be struck with the number of aged people who congregate to hear the Word. Wherever he directs his gaze, it falls upon the gray sparse locks, the bald head, and the ancient, weather-beaten countenance. Many of these old people, in their declining years, have, through abounding mercy, received the truth in the love of it. Here is an account of

AN OLD SHOEMAKER.

A—— M—— was for many years a professed infidel. He had grown old in his scepticism, and being a fluent talker, and possessing some power in argument, for a long time he was able to hold his own against all comers. To induce this man to

attend the means of grace seemed a hopeless task. Some indeed attempted to do so, but in vain. A lady visitor, however, was the first who successfully broke in upon his fancied security. Her quiet and persuasive manner obtained for her a hearing. The old man listened with respect. The stale and time-worn arguments were urged, but more feebly than before. The visits were oft repeated. At length he was induced to admit the visits of the Scripture-reader, and to attend a place of worship. He came to St. John's at first, and subsequently attended at the Circus. Here it was the Lord met with him. One by one the strong barriers of his scepticism gave way. His infidelity became scattered to the winds, and as a little child he was led to Jesus. Many months have passed away since his translation into the kingdom of God's dear Son, but the old

man has been enabled to maintain a consistent walk. Though very poor, he is very happy. He says he waits upon the Lord for all his needs, and goes on his way singing of mercy. He has become a butt for the ridicule of old companions, but little does he mind it. They seek to do him evil, but he ever endeavours to return them good. Last winter, when the snow lay thick upon the ground, his neighbours heaped up masses of it in the passage of his home, and in other ways contributed to his annoyance and discomfort. The old man replied not, except by taking his broom and shovel and sweeping the pathway clean before their doors.

Nothing but the power of Almighty grace could produce the wondrous change which has taken place in this man. That one grown old in irreligion should in his latter days adorn the doctrine of God his

Saviour in all things; that one who persecuted the Church in times past, should now build up the faith which once he destroyed ! this is indeed "the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

The following case is so remarkable, that, to use the terms of the individual himself, "it is evidently the finger of God :—" Captain —, late of H.M.E.I.C.'s Service, was invalided home. He left Bengal only a few days before the mutiny broke out. Humanly speaking, his life was thus preserved. A remark of his landlady at Southsea, where, after reaching England, he had gone to lodge, led him to attend one evening at the Circus. To use his own language, that night he was brought under condemnation. His first thought after leaving the Circus was, "Well, after all, there is a possibility of salvation for me." He had only heard of

working for salvation, and that to him appeared hopeless. Now, however, he was enabled to say, "I feel there is not only hope; but real grounds for hope. I feel like a new being. These tidings are too blessed to be realized by me. I feel afraid to hope, afraid to believe; I think much of David's prayer to be kept from presumptuous sins." Circumstances obliged Captain — to leave Portsmouth, and to reside in London; and while there he attended the ministry of the Rev. W. Lincoln, of Beresford Chapel, Walworth. In a communication in which subsequently he wrote of the blessing he obtained from this ministry, he says, after describing the effect of an illustration of Mr. Lincoln's, on his mind, "I had almost persuaded myself the good news could not be for me, when in stepped the Comforter, and whispered, 'Poor soul, take comfort; it

is all true. It is your very poverty admits you ; had you offered anything in return it would have been rejected. All you have just heard is true ; and if so, then you are not dead, but living.' On receiving this assurance, my overcharged heart found relief in a copious flood of tears ; but whether of bitter repentance, or of intense love and gratitude, I cannot take upon myself to say. When out of the chapel, I could scarcely refrain from shouting aloud, ' Saved, saved ;' for now all doubts had ceased, and after meditation, has only confirmed the idea, that if there be truth in the promises of God, if there be truth in the gospel of Christ, and if there be truth in that gospel as preached by Mr. Lincoln, then am I not dead, but living. A scarcely perceptible change is there perhaps ; but still, there it is, and there it will remain." It should be added, that

from Captain ——'s own account, his previous life was one of folly, crime, and irreligion. Surely, this is a "brand plucked from the burning."

Very frequently it is the case, that without previous intention, persons stray in and listen for a while. Sometimes they remain only for a short time, and then pass out. Sometimes they are attracted by the service, and come again. Sometimes the Lord is pleased graciously to meet with them, and to bestow upon them a blessing which they little expected.

The following narrative will illustrate the Lord's dealings in this particular. It is the case of Mrs. C——, and is given in her own words:—

"For many years past, I have been a monthly nurse, and was never anything beyond being a moral person. Last

February twelvemonths, I was nursing a person at the Flat-houses, and my time expired on a Sunday evening. I brought my bonnet-box and a small bundle of clothes away with me. When I reached the Circus, I heard some singing. I felt a strange desire come over me to go inside. I felt, however, ashamed to do so, having the box and bundle with me. Still, I felt I must go in, so I stepped inside, and stood by the door. Mr. Martin was preaching. I felt the sermon was all for me. Every word seemed to come home to my heart, and I trembled so exceedingly I could scarcely stand. How I had been living in neglect of God filled me with fear, and then when that beautiful hymn was sung, 'I lay my-sins on Jesus,' I thought I should have sank through the place. Oh, I thought, what would I not give to know that my sins

were laid on Jesus. I hardly know how I reached home. I was agitated and cast down. I continued in this state, in dreadful trouble of soul, until, some weeks after, the Lord was pleased to give me peace through believing. I was pondering over these things, and thinking there was little hope for me, when he made the shadows to flee away from me. It was as though a voice from heaven spoke to me, when he led me to the words: 'But go thou thy way till the end be, for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of thy days.' Since then, I have been happy. I can now praise the Lord for his mercy to my soul. I am a wonder to myself, and I often ask myself the question, 'What have I been doing these many years past? What a mercy that he should save such a sinner as I am.'" Since then, Mrs. C—— has continued

— Once, indeed, it pleased God
lay his afflicting hand upon her.
was brought down to the very gate
the grave. All that saw her felt
would not recover. Still her frequent
was, "My blessed Saviour is doing
things well; I only fear lest I should
become impatient." Her sickness, how-
ever, was not unto death. She rapidly
recovered, and is now living consistent
with her profession. Thus, just as
a woman met an unknown Saviour when
she went to draw water from a well,
do some, or ever they are aware of it, find
themselves drawn within his arms.

his judgments, and his ways past finding out.”

“Was ever grace, Lord, rich as thine,
Can aught be with it named?
What powerful beams of love divine
My tender heart inflamed!
Ye angels, hymn his glorious name,
Who loved and conquered thus,
And we will likewise laud the Lamb,
For he was slain for us.”

HART.

CHAPTER IV.

“ Upon the stormy waters
The bread of life is cast ;
With cheerful trust believing,
It shall be found at last.
We see it but a moment,
Far drifting o’er the main :
But deathless, undecaying,
It shall be found again.

“ Yes, on the stormy waters,
We cast the bread of life ;
Vain are the surging billows,
Vain is the tempest’s strife.
His never-failing promise,
Jehovah will fulfil,
And the seed be found in glory
When those proud waves are still.”

“ THEY that go down to the sea in ships
that do business in great waters, these see
the works of the Lord, and his wonder

in the deep." But although they *see his wonders*, they are, in too many instances, slow to perceive *his hand*, and to acknowledge his *power*. It is pretty generally conceded that within the last few years a very great improvement has taken place among the seamen of the British navy. Still, it hardly requires a residence in a seaport-town to be taught how great is the habitual ungodliness, the profligacy and licentiousness of the greater part of our English sailors. That there are God-fearing men even in her Majesty's navy is a fact, the truth of which is day by day becoming more evident. Still, "*without God in the world*" is unfortunately the characteristic of the greater number of those who man the "wooden walls" of Old England. The gospel-net, however, which has been cast within the Circus, has, by the Lord's blessing, caught within its

Lord's dealings with—

“AN ANCIENT MARINER.”

James B—— was at an earl
destined for the sea. His father
him had been a sailor, and it
wonder the son should early in
taste for a seafaring life. The
also, was one of the very few s
who were saved at the time of th
ing of the “Royal George,” at S
Young B——, after one or two
to sea, obtained a situation in t
house of H.M. Dockyard, Por
——— companionship

some years. He had been in the storm, and had suffered shipwreck ; but he had not turned to the Lord. He had been under the fire of the enemy, and had stood amidst the dying and the dead ; but these things had failed to affect him. He had traversed the land of Palestine, and had visited many of those spots hallowed by the most sacred associations ; but he never cared to hear of that incarnate God, whom to know truly is life eternal. To use his own language, "if there was one person who more than any other had broken God's law, and sinned against light and knowledge, and had sunk to the lowest depths of degradation, it was himself." Years passed away, and found him still the same hardened and impenitent sinner as before. Old age, with noiseless, stealthy steps, crept on him, and still was he fulfilling the desires

of the flesh and of the mind as before. He was induced, however, one night, now upwards of four years since, to attend and listen to the preaching of the gospel at the Circus. The sermon upon the text, "I will work, and who shall let it," was blessed to his soul, and he became, through God's grace, a new creature. "Old things with him had passed away, and all things had become new." Drink was forsaken. Old habits, the growth of years, were abandoned. The Sabbath became a delight to him. Henceforth, through the grace of a covenant God, he determined to walk in newness of life. Twelve months after this remarkable conversion, this man was reduced to what every one supposed would prove to be the bed of death. Death, however, had no terror for him; he could rejoice in God his Saviour. Now, however, he prayed that if God

would spare his life, he might be permitted to declare the wondrous love of Jesus to his old companions, and that he might be made useful to the seamen of the port. God answered that prayer. Unexpectedly, he was raised from the bed of sickness to the enjoyment of health again, although it was not until some months afterwards that the way to the realization of his desire was made apparent. Indeed, an agency of this kind was never contemplated at the time; but the providence of God opened a door, and B——'s fitness for this especial work, his sincerity, and his great desire to be useful, pointed him out as peculiarly adapted for this kind of duty. He became eventually employed as a Scripture-reader to the seamen of this port, occasionally varying his employment by visits to the barracks, conversing with the men,

VISITS TO THE SHIPS OF WAR, CRUISES IN
harbour or at Spithead, besides
merchantmen, at different times.
every case he has asked leave of
captain, or commanding officer, to
to the men, and distribute tracts a
them. In almost each instance, a
permission has been granted, and
more than one occasion, the captain
himself rendered kind and active a
ance.

The following case is interesti
James S—— had been in his early
a reckless, ungodly sailor. He had
as rough and as sinful as ever blue-j

sion upon him. He afterwards came to the Circus, and here the preached word was sent home powerfully to his heart. It was a light to show him the purity of God, and his own impurity and helplessness. He was truly miserable for a long time; but the Lord brought him out of darkness into the marvellous light and liberty of the gospel. He speaks most sweetly of the Lord's work in opening his eyes, bringing him to cry for and receive mercy. He has become quite a missionary among his old companions. He is now one of the Sunday-school teachers, and loves to speak on but one theme. Some of his comrades were jesting him the other day, saying how altered he was, etc., and that he could not enjoy a spree as once he did. He put his hand on his heart, and said, "Never mind, all's right here." And during a recent ship-launch,

while bands were playing, and the multitude cheering, he remarked to his minister that his mind was taken up with passages of the Word of God. Thus was he feasting on meat the world knew not of, whilst engaged on board that ship.

The following is a brief account of

AN OLD SOLDIER.

James Weeks died some few months since, aged 70 years. For some while he had been a regular attendant at the Circus services, until illness and the infirmities of old age laid him aside. While in this state, one of the Scripture-readers was directed to visit him, and something of the following conversation passed between them :—

Reader. “My friend, tell me on what is your hope resting, if the Lord should see fit to call you?”

Old Soldier, with much earnestness.
 “My hope, sir, is built upon the Lord Jesus Christ alone. His blood and righteousness are my only plea for acceptance with God. I am a poor old sinner, but Christ is a *great Saviour*.”

Reader. “How long, my friend, have you loved and known Jesus?”

Old Soldier. “Oh, for many a long day, but not as *I know him now*. I used once to be always singing, ‘Could I but read my title clear to mansions in the skies!’ But now I can sing,

‘*Now I can* read my title clear to mansions in the
 skies,
 I’ve bid farewell to every fear, and *I’ve* wiped
 my weeping eyes.’”

After some further conversation, he continued:—“The 23rd Psalm and the 14th chapter of St. John are my favourite chapters. Oh, how sweet are those words, ‘I

go to prepare a place for you!’ And I know there is one for me, for Jesus tells me so.” He then repeated a verse or two of a hymn, beginning, “On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand;” and when he came to the words, “where my possessions lie,” he repeated them several times. “Oh, sir,” said the old soldier, as, with kindling eye but tremulous voice, he gave indication that the outward man was fast perishing,—“Oh, sir, what a mercy that the work of redemption is complete! I want none to tell me to do this or to do that. What can *I* do? I can do nothing. A half *Christ won’t do for me*; Jesus must do it all.” Sincerely could he say and experience—

“God’s almighty arms are round me,
Peace, peace is mine;
Judgment scenes need not confound me,
Peace, peace is mine!

Jesus came himself and sought me ;
Sold to death, he found and bought me,
Then my blessed freedom taught me.

Peace, peace is mine !

“ Welcome every rising sunlight ;

Peace, peace is mine !

Nearer home each rolling midnight ;

Peace, peace is mine !

Death and hell cannot appal me ;

Safe in Christ, whate'er befall me,

Calmly wait I till he call me ;

Peace, peace is mine !”

At a subsequent visit, the reader learned that it was through the ministry at the Circus that the Lord was pleased to lead him into the liberty of the gospel. Almost in his dying moments, he spoke with warmth and gratitude of God's mercy in directing him there. His earthly battles and spiritual conflicts have now ceased. Absent from the body, he is now present with the Lord. He has experienced that if the earthly house of this tabernacle

be dissolved, there is another not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Wherever the grace of God enters the heart, there it abides, and brings forth fruit. It cannot be otherwise. Many a blue-jacket has found at the Circus the pearl of great price, and, embarking for foreign service, has become on shipboard a missionary among his companions. Many have been the letters received from distant parts; many the expressions of gratitude from former worshippers, and many the earnest solicitations for an interest in the prayers of those who assemble from time to time in this place.

The following is a specimen of such communications. It was received from an earnest-minded seaman, who received his first impressions of the truth soon after the opening of the Circus for the proclamation of the Word. He writes—

“Palermo, H. M. S. —

“REVEREND SIR,—I take this liberty out of gratitude to you for your Christian ministry, which it has pleased the Lord to bless to me while at the Circus and St. John’s. May the Lord enable you while on earth to continue to show to poor sinners the road which leads to eternal life. It has pleased the Lord to enable a few of us to meet, as a Bible-class on board. We meet twice in the week, and twice on Sundays, in addition to the usual service. The good work ceased for a time, but through earnest prayer the Lord has raised us up again. May I beg an interest in your prayers, that our blessed Lord may fulfil his own promise, that ‘where two or three are met together in his name, he will be in the midst of them.’ It has been very hard for me to come from a place of continued prayer on the Sabbath,

be here, and if he wills it, he will make
way for my return. We have many pra
ing seamen here. We meet them som
times, and when convenient, we unite
prayer together. Dear sir, I have hea
you say sometimes, you are the friend
those who love the Lord Jesus. I do e
nestly seek to love him, and all w
labour for him. I thank God you w
the instrument of calling me out of da
ness into his marvellous light. Be k
enough, when you have the opportun
to give my kind regards to all the teac
at the Circus school. May God bless
which it has pleased him

Nor has the sister service been left without witnesses to the efficacy of saving grace. The preached Word has, through the Divine blessing, reached the hearts and consciences of many a British soldier. Men of the Royal Marine Artillery, privates and non-commissioned officers from the line regiments, besides pensioners, may frequently be seen listening with marked attention to the proclamation of Divine truth. Among others, may be mentioned the following :—

Corporal —— had attended the Circus for twelve months, before he held any conversation with the ministers of the place. He describes himself as being, like other soldiers, careless, dissolute, fond of drink and evil companions. His mind, however, opened to the preaching of the gospel, and, after some time, he enjoyed peace. Never did he come without in-

the blessings he had himself received, & he originated a Bible-class in the barrack which was continued for many months. When his regiment left this garrison Corporal —— visited one of the clerics to thank him for the spiritual good which through his instrumentality, he had received. "I shall never forget the Circumstances," he said, "my happiest hours have been spent there. There it was, through the abounding grace, I was taught to know my state before God as a sinner, and the completeness of my salvation in a predestined Christ. Though absent from you in person, I shall be with you in spirit o

know he is now walking consistently with his profession.

Instances of the blessing received by seamen and soldiers might be multiplied. The above, however, will suffice. The indirect influence which, through such, the Circus has exercised on board ship and in many a garrison, is immense. Like precious seeds, carried by the fowls of the air, or wafted by the winds of heaven, to grow and flourish in other climes, so has it been with the seed of eternal truth. Many a soldier and many a sailor has left Portsmouth to become in reality a missionary among his comrades, and to witness for God in the barrack-room or the forecastle. Who shall estimate the result of influence like this? The great day alone shall declare it.

CHAPTER V.

“ Thus in the quiet joy of kindly trust,
We bid each parting saint a brief farewell:
Weeping, and smiling, we commend the dust
To the safe keeping of the silent cell.

“ Softly within that peaceful resting-place,
We lay their weary limbs, and bid the clay
Press lightly on them till the night be past,
And the far east gives note of coming day.

“ Short death and darkness, endless life and light,
Short dimming, endless shining in yon sphere,
Where all is incorruptible and pure,
The joy without the pain, the smile without the
tear.”

AMONG those who have received the truth, either directly or indirectly, through the ministrations connected with the Circus, there have been not a few who have now departed to be with Christ. How large that number is, it is impossible here to

determine. Examples might be multiplied to show how many who have already entered the haven of everlasting rest, will live to bless God through all eternity, for the word of his grace, which has been proclaimed here. Among others, the case of Charles Yates, of Morey St. Landport, might be adduced. It was in the month of March when the Scripture-reader was requested to visit him. He had been laid aside some months, his disease being consumption. He had previously been visited by one or two friends connected with the Circus. Like every poor sinner, before called by divine grace, he had an excellent opinion of himself. Naturally he was proud, haughty, and self-sufficient. He received the visit of the "reader" at first with cold indifference, and it was not until after repeated visitations that his mind opened to the truths

of the gospel. In the month of April a faint hope sprang up in the heart of the "reader" that the Lord had purposes of mercy towards him. The Lord was evidently leading him to feel himself a poor, lost, undone, sinner, and his need of a better righteousness than his own with which to appear before God. He now became thankful to be visited, and began to manifest the Lord was giving him the spirit of a little child—that old things were passing away, and that all things were becoming new. On one occasion the "reader" had been speaking of the blessedness of those whose transgressions are forgiven, and whose sin is covered, and repeated also some lines to him, which appeared so much to be impressed upon his mind, that he asked if they might be copied out that he might learn them. They were as follows :—

“It matters not at what hour of the day
The righteous fall asleep : death cannot come
To him untimely who is fit to die,
The less of this cold world the more of heaven,
The briefer life, the longer immortality.”

But the time to favour this member of Zion was fast approaching ; as it is written, “ Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return and come with singing unto Zion, they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.” But it was in such a way that it might be manifested that “ salvation was of the Lord,” so that his name might have all the praise. When a fortnight after the time above mentioned, the Scripture-reader called to see him, a marked change was observable in his appearance. It was manifest light had broken in upon him. The gloomy and careworn look had given place to an expression of calmness and serenity, a true index of the peace which

which I have waited and longed for is n mine." He was asked how the Lord h spoken peace to him, he replied, "I fee can never describe to you what it was li but while I was in prayer yesterday mo ing, the Lord showed to me my sins w forgiven. I felt a humbling, softeni melting feeling come over me, and I k I was pardoned; but," he added, in a earnest manner, "he will do more for yet." His wife was so affected that burst into tears. Turning towards he said, "Oh don't sob, don't cry, it's all with me, see how happy I am!"

grace that is in Christ Jesus. Mr. Vesey read to him part of John xiv., and those who looked upon him will not soon forget the joy and intelligence which lighted up his countenance. When the many mansions of the Father's house were discoursed upon, he said, "I believe there is one for me; even for such a vile guilty sinner as I am and have been; oh that I had strength to praise him for his mercies to my soul!" On a subsequent occasion, when Mr. Vesey visited him, to his inquiries as to how he felt, he replied, with a happy smile, "*Weaker and stronger—*weaker in my body, but stronger in faith;" and lifting up his poor and wasted hands, he said, "I'm only waiting—I'm only waiting for Jesus." The word of the Lord was indeed fulfilled in his experience, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, be-

cause he trusteth in thee." He could look upon death undismayed: yea, he did more, he looked forward to it with pleasure, for he knew that to him to die would be gain. But the time was rapidly drawing near when this simple believer in Jesus was to exchange Adam's pilgrimage for Abraham's bosom. With friends weeping round his bed, he witnessed for Jesus until the end. To each he spoke a word in season. "Now," he said, "the Devil will tell you that your sins are too many and too great to be forgiven, as he has often told me; but tell him the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all* sin." Just before his voice left him, with uplifted eyes and outstretched arms he exclaimed, "Come, Lord Jesus, come—come—come quickly." These were the last audible words he uttered, and while the breath was fast retreating, and his once

bright eye was fixed in death, still did his lips move, and the faint whisper was heard, "*Come.*" Thus at the early age of twenty-eight, died one who was a monument of saving mercy. In him the Lord was pleased to manifest his sovereign grace, and thus he gave to "his beloved sleep."

"Asleep in Jesus ! Peaceful rest !
Whose waking is supremely blest :
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus ! Time nor space
Debars this precious hiding-place ;
On Indian plains or northern snows
Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus ! Far from Thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be ;
But thine is still the blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep."

The following is a brief account of—

AN OLD HOSPITAL MAN.

His name was John Eames. He was

erved on board the ——. But in speaking afterwards of this part of his life, he would say, with tears streaming down his cheeks, "What a character I was then—now blind!" He was some time engaged as nurse in Haslar Hospital, when, in April, 1858, he was taken ill. During the summer of that year he removed to Landport, and was directed by God to the house of a Christian woman, where he obtained lodgings. At her persuasion he subsequently went to the Circus, where he heard a sermon upon the Prodigal Son. That sermon was greatly blessed to him, and it was all for him, and


the feeling of the Psalmist when he affirmed the Word of God to be "sweeter than honey to his mouth, and more precious than fine gold." He said to a friend, after a night of much pain, "How sweet it is to trust in the love of Jesus ; how it sweetens all my pains and afflictions ; for what is my pain compared with the agony which Jesus felt for me?" At another time he said, "Affliction is the sinner's best benefactor ; when afflictions hang heaviest, corruptions hang loosest ; grace shines brightest for scouring, and is most glorious when most clouded." Again he said, "My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever. I am not poor ; I am heir to a crown of glory. How, then, am I poor?" He was very anxious about those around him who were not seeking Jesus, and would often pray for them.

He would tell them of the sweet comfort he had found since he had known the Lord Jesus Christ. He appeared always to have faith that his God would strengthen him in his last hour. He often seemed to enjoy sweet communion with God, and used to say it was a foretaste of heaven—the bright visions seemed too much for his feeble frame. Once he said, “O wealth! O riches! O all the world, what would you now avail me if I were not clad in Christ’s righteousness? But, thanks be to God, I have the helmet of salvation, whereby I can defy the world, the flesh, and the devil.” He was expecting some friends to join him in commemorating the Saviour’s death. In speaking of it, he said, “If I had not been saved now, the sacrament would not save me. I only wish to receive it in remembrance of Christ having shed his blood for

me." He said next day, "I am still happy, looking anxiously for Jesus." And, on a friend taking leave of him, he said, "I shall not see you many more times, but we shall meet in heaven." A few days after this, the same friend saw Eames again. He could not speak, but when his friend spoke to him of resting upon Jesus, and of being complete in him, he raised his eyes towards heaven and smiled. Early in the morning of April 4th, 1859, he fell asleep in Christ. Shortly before he died, he stretched forth his hand, and said, "My blessed Jesus is here, Jesus is with me." "PRECIOUS IN THE SIGHT OF THE LORD IS THE DEATH OF HIS SAINTS."

A short account of Mr. F—— and his wife may not prove without interest. Both were brought savingly to know the Lord Jesus Christ at the Circus, and one of them has since been called to be with

Jesus. Mr. F——, for many years previously to entering her Majesty's dockyard, followed a seafaring life. Like the majority of sailors, he lived without God and without hope in the world. And yet during the madness and folly of his sinful career, the providence of God was manifested most remarkably. In the first war with China, he embarked in a ship with 612 men on board, and returned with only 61, the remainder having been either killed in battle or succumbed to the effects of the climate. After that, he went to the coast of Africa with a crew of 200 men, and all, with the exception of four, died from fever. He was one of the four. In the midst of fever, shipwreck, battle, peril, and ruin, the Lord compassed him about with songs of deliverance. When the Circus was first opened for the public preaching of the Word, Mr. F—— and his wife



were constant attendants. Until then, they had not attended the means of grace, but now they were drawn within its influences by the powerful attraction of an uplifted Saviour. It was about two years since when this man, having been brought into deep soul-trouble on account of sin, was led to believe to the saving of his soul. "No tongue can tell," was his own language in reference to this subject, "No tongue can tell what I suffered in consequence of soul-anguish; for one whole week I scarcely knew what sleep was, but it pleased the Lord at last to give peace to my soul." His broken heart was healed, and he was enabled to rest upon the finished work of the dear Redeemer. It pleased God only a few months since to call away his wife by death. But she departed not before she had given most unmistakeable evidence of having

passed from death unto life. Her illness was tedious and very painful, and although she was not brought to realize the blessedness of pardoning love and mercy until a short period before her death, yet she was enabled with patience and great resignation to bear her affliction. It was not until some few days before her dissolution that the sting of death was entirely removed. She could not thoroughly realize her interest in the pardoning blood of Christ, and again the thought of leaving her husband and six little children filled her with gloomy apprehensions and sorrow. Her illness was a long and painful one, but the Master dealt very graciously with her. Doubts and fears were all removed, and she was enabled to realize the blessedness of an interest in a Saviour's love. Before she was called to enter into the dark valley, the sting of death was *entirely removed*. The king of terrors was

1

disarmed. She could realize her acceptance in the beloved, and was well content to leave the care of her little ones in the safe keeping of her heavenly Father. "Yes," she said, while a bright smile illumined her countenance, "Yes, I can leave them all now, he will provide; I am quite happy now, he doeth all things well." Beholding her husband bowed down with sorrow, she exclaimed, "Oh! don't weep for me, all is well, I am going to be with Jesus;" and then she added, alluding to the little ones, "You will have to bear the burden alone."

Her last days were spent much in prayer and praise. She could rejoice in full assurance of faith and hope. Not a doubt lingered upon her mind as to the glorious immortality in which she was about to participate. It seemed as though she could almost realize the vision of Christian and Hopeful, when they had

they beheld at the gate, written
of gold, "Blessed are all they
keep his commandments, that they may
have the right to the tree of life, and may enter
the gates into the city," Rev

Lifting herself upon her
with her last remaining strength
feebly the verse—

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah
Pilgrim through this barren land
I am weak, but thou art mighty
Hold me with thy powerful hand
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more

Nature was exhausted with toil
as the last line lingered on

intelligence and respectability they stand almost in the very forefront of the British army. Their principal depôt is at Cumberland Fort, some two or three miles out of Portsmouth. The Lord has been graciously pleased, in an eminent degree, to bless this corps. The accounts which have been received from Cumberland Fort respecting the prayer-meetings, and the deep anxiety evidenced among many of the men after the things belonging to their peace, are most cheering. None the worse soldiers are they of Queen Victoria, because they are, many of them, good soldiers of Jesus Christ. The following is a brief account of—

A MARINE ARTILLERY MAN.

George Pitt, gunner, often attended the Circus services, but no word seemed to come home to his heart. God had, however, reserved another time and ano-

ther place, wherein he should receive the seed of eternal life. Being sent to Haslar hospital, when a disease from which he had long been suffering was pronounced incurable, a tract was placed in his hand which, through the Spirit's teaching, was made effectual in the conversion of his soul. It led him to see his helpless and sinful state, and brought him as a poor penitent to cry for mercy. He was subsequently removed from Haslar to Portsmouth, where a good and merciful Saviour was pleased to lead him into that liberty with which Christ makes his people free.

He shortly went to the Circus again, when he heard with new ears a sermon which proved to be the last he ever heard. The text, from Rev. vii. 13, 14, was so blessed to him, and, to use his own words, "so written upon his heart," that he seemed to live and die upon it. Often *in his sickness* would he desire the words

to be read to him, and often would he remark how little the preacher knew he was preaching to him. The Bible and the Circus hymn-book were his constant companions. There was one hymn which appeared to be an especial favourite with him ; it began—

“ I heard the voice of Jesus say,
‘ Come unto me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.’
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.”

Often would he ask for this hymn to be read to him, and as often would he rejoice in the fact that it depicted the experience of the Lord’s dealings with his own soul. Once, and once only, was the great enemy permitted to disturb his peace, in leading him to believe he was a self-deceiver, and that he had no part or lot in the matter.

This trial, however, was but of short continuance, and though distressed, he was not cast down. The 10th chapter of St. John, especially verses 27, 28, and 29, were made very useful to him. When he heard them read, he became quite calm, and, looking up, said, "No; no man is able to pluck them out of his hand. 'If God be for us, who can be against us?'" In the midst of his greatest bodily pain, he would rejoice, and say, "I can bear it; God will give me strength; my sufferings are nothing, compared with what Christ bore for me." His anxiety about the souls of others was remarkable, and having heard of one ignorant of the truth, and yet wanting something to make him happy, he requested some one to tell her from him, "to seek the Lord Jesus Christ, for until she knew him, she would never realize peace." "Oh!" he would sometimes say, "what now would be my case,

were it not for the strength and the comfort I derive from Jesus? My bed would indeed be weary, and my pain unendurable; but the presence of Jesus makes amends for all, and it is such a pleasure in the night, when I cannot sleep, to lie and commune with him, for he is ever near me." The nights which were to nature most trying, because passed almost entirely without sleep, were generally, he said, his happiest, on account of the communion he enjoyed with God. Such nights were constantly spent by him in singing and repeating verses of hymns; nor had he reason to inquire, "Where is God, my Maker, who giveth songs in the night?" (Job. xxxv. 10.) Like one of old, he could say, "Mine eyes prevent the night watches, that I might meditate in thy word. I have remembered thy name, O Lord, in the night," Psalm cxix. 55, 148. On one occasion, he described the visit of a

was only being faithful. He know if I was trusting to my instead of the atoning blood Christ."

His illness and death were roughly in accordance with the injunction, "Mark the perfect and hold the upright, for the end of peace" (Psalm xxxvii. 37). There was a calm resting upon the promise because of the faithfulness of the A short time before he died, hand upon his heart, he said, happy, for Jesus is here." H

At the conclusion of the hymn, the text was quoted, "Perfect love casteth out fear," to which he replied, "No fear; no, it is perfect peace;" and very shortly after he fell asleep.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours." It is good to linger around the dying moments of those who have gone to be with Jesus, and to give utterance to the desire that our last end may be like theirs. It is good also "to bless His holy name for all His servants departed this life in His faith and fear, beseeching Him to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of His heavenly kingdom."

"And heaven hath rest—the Sabbath of the sky;
No weary feet shall walk the world on high;
No tear of trouble falls
Within those jasper walls:
To gain this rest for me did Jesus die."

CHAPTER VI.

"All that I *was*, my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own ;
All that I *am* I owe to thee,
My gracious God, alone.

"All that I am even here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to thee."

DEEP wisdom was wrapped up in the counsel of the Jewish doctor, when he interposed the defence of the apostles and the new religion which they taught. "Refrain from these men," replied Gamaliel, to the excited Pharisees, when they sought to slay them; "Refrain from these men, for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought, but if it

be of God ye cannot overthrow it." It is not to be supposed that Satan would suffer an aggression upon his power, and kingdom, and remain silent. Indeed the successful preaching of the Word at the Circus roused him to unwonted activity. And God permitted a sifting time, that the work, tested and tried, might be found approved before men. Wherever the Lord bestows faith, real, vital, and precious faith, the fine gold must be cast into the crucible. The storm and the whirlwind rush through the forest trees; the mighty pines and the tall cedars bend before the blast, but it only causes them to take deeper root in the loaming soil beneath. And so writes St. Peter, "Ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations, that the *trial of your faith* being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire,

might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." In like manner must it be with every successful effort to extend the kingdom of the Saviour. The fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. From the very commencement of the undertaking, the enemy manifested opposition. At one time he endeavoured to excite petty jealousies among the subordinates, who freely gave their help. At another time he sought to sow discord amidst the people who came to listen to the Word. Then he endeavoured to raise false reports against the Circus itself, and those who ministered therein. In a multitude of ways, which it is impossible to do more than hint at, his malice and enmity and opposition have been manifested. But in every case he has been foiled and baffled. The watchful care of God overspread that

which His own providence established, and those evils which the craft and subtilty of the Devil or man worked against it, have been brought to nought. Again and again, in the history of this awakening, has that Word been fulfilled, "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise in judgment against thee thou shalt condemn," Isa. liv. 17.

Like a wave gathering volume as it rolls upon the shore, so the instrumentality for good, and the blessings following, have increased rather than otherwise.

It is a matter for sincere congratulation and heartfelt gratitude to God, that in the last four years during which the Circus has been opened, no portion of the many-wheeled machinery has been permitted to remain stationary.

THE WEEKLY BIBLE-CLASSES

have gathered together, on alternate Tuesday evenings, a goodly number of women and artizans. At these meetings consecutive portions of the Bible are read and commented upon. Scripture is compared with Scripture, and the parallel passages read aloud by the people themselves, while ample opportunity is afforded of freely asking and answering such questions as may be desired. Of the Scriptural character of these means of grace there can be no doubt. The Bereans, who searched the Bible daily to test the truthfulness of the apostle's teaching, are called by an inspired writer for so doing, NOBLE. Of the profitable nature of such meetings, no clergyman capable by experience of forming an opinion, will hesitate to affirm. "I regard Bible-classes," writes the Rev.

Charles Kemble, in his "Parochial Machinery," "as among the most effective means of grace we can employ." Sometimes these Bible-classes are unusually interesting. On one occasion, for instance, a letter was read from a very intelligent woman who had received a blessing at the Circus, and who had felt constrained to write. When the perusal had concluded, no less than six persons, in simple and unexcited language, mentioned the fact that *they too* had been abundantly blessed by God, in bringing them into a feeling sense of their lost condition, and into a greater or smaller degree of belief of individual interest in Christ. One man said he had sat in a corner of the Circus one evening, and with such power did the Word come home to him, that he felt the preacher must have known everything about him. He determined he would

come no more: he came, however, once again, but remained for a while outside, and as others passed within, he felt, "You may go in if you please, but *I* shall not." But while he yet lingered, the Lord being merciful unto him, he was drawn within the influence and power of the Word again. "And now," he said, "I have a hope I would not part with for worlds." Others gave just as plain and simple accounts of the way in which the Lord had guided them, and all this quite unsolicited and unexpected. Indeed there are not a few of the poor people attending these Bible-classes, who are able to give to every one that asketh them a reason of the hope that is in them with meekness and fear. Surely when they who fear the Lord speak often one to another, the Lord will hearken and hear, and a book of remembrance shall be written before

him for them that fear the Lord and think upon his name. (Malachi iii. 16.)

THE WEDNESDAY EVENING SERVICE.

still continues to attract large numbers of the working people. At the time when this service was commenced, England was passing through a period of deep trial. A large proportion of her Indian army had mutinied. The telegraph flashed tidings of lamentation and woe. Tales of horror and atrocity were brought home by every mail. The stability of our Indian empire appeared to tremble in the balance. Havelock was about to set forth on that triumphant march which resulted in a series of brilliant victories, and the salvation of British India. At the Circus, for more than three-quarters of an hour each Wednesday evening during this period the newspapers were read. Multi-

cholson. Wives and mothers had
at the scene of action, and the
with an intensity of interest
fact alone could supply. Ol
came to hear, and as they hear
mory of former times revived
fought their battles o'er again
by week, the place was crann
congregation of 2000 people. A
ter of great thankfulness that
ings were delivered. They bro
bers under the sound of the
would, in all human probabi
have heard of Jesus Christ. An

conclusion of the Indian troubles, the occasion for these readings passed away; but the weekly meetings are still continued, and an attentive and comparatively large congregation assembles to hear the word of life. A hymn and extempore prayer, the reading of Scripture, a short lecture, followed by another prayer and final hymn, form the service upon these occasions. The felt presence of the Lord is often realized, and not a few from time to time experience at such seasons, that this place is none other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL

has been carried on from the very commencement of the Circus movement. Nearly 500 children—a number which could be largely increased, if deemed desirable—are taught by 56 teachers, the

greater part of whom have been brought to a knowledge of the truth through the ministry at the Circus. An evident blessing has rested upon the labours of these teachers. For the most part, they have been led to understand the real object of Sunday-school teaching, namely, to lead the children committed to their care to a knowledge of the Saviour. And such teaching has not been without its reward for, indeed, in several instances, blessed evidence has been afforded that the dear children have learned to feel their need of him whom to know is life eternal. It is no rash assertion to affirm, that when their hymn of praise bursts forth—

“There’s a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour,
And ‘Abba, Father,’ cry,”—

there are not a few who have a good hope.

through Jesus, that this rest, "incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away," is reserved in heaven for *them*.

Sunday-schools, by many high authorities, have been pronounced a failure, while various have been the causes assigned for such failure. In his "Parochial Machinery," the Rev. Charles Kemble remarks: "I fear I shall be deemed heretical by some of my brethren, for venturing to state a growing opinion that the institution of Sunday-schools no longer occupies the position it once filled among us, and that it has become less efficient, nay, more, that it is not unmixed with evil, in its *present state*." And he adds: "It is a very general complaint, that we find, as soon as the age is reached at which the school is left, we see no more of our scholars in God's house, especially the lads." The Circus Sunday-school is by no means

perfect ; there is room for improvement in every department of its machinery ; but it cannot be pronounced a failure. And, indeed, *no* Sunday-school *can be*, wherein the teachers, for the most part, have first given themselves to the Lord. *This is the whole secret of success.* In proportion as the teachers *themselves* are converted to God will a blessing rest upon their labours. Teachers led by the grace of God into an experimental acquaintance with His truths, will recognize their mission to bring their children to a knowledge of the Saviour. For this they will labour, and for this they will pray. They will never teach in vain. The promise is sure : “ Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.”

Among other interesting cases of an early seeking after Jesus, the case of Mary Drew may be mentioned. This little girl

went to be with Jesus some few months ago. She was but eight years of age when the Master took her to himself. The instruction she obtained in the Sunday-school was blessed to the conversion of her soul. She was noticed as a good and attentive child in her class; but being of a shy and reserved temperament, it was not until she was brought to a sick and dying bed that it was manifested to all who visited her that she was born of God. Although her sickness resulted in death, yet the little sufferer lingered for thirteen months before she went to the land which is very far off. During this time she evidently grew in grace, and in the knowledge of her Saviour. Her answers to the inquiries made to her were clear and explicit. Her hope was resting upon the Lórd Jesus.—She loved her parents dearly, she said, but not as she loved Jesus.—She would not

Sunday-school ; she wished she could sing it once again, but that could not be. She hoped that when she died, the angels would meet and sing together for her the hymn she loved so well :—

“ Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more.”

Gently and quietly did the spirit of the little one wing its flight to the other world. She died resting upon her mother's shoulder, in the full assurance that all her sins were all forgiven—

“ Softly into heaven she faded,

And she left them, smiling sweetly,
Bidding them a last good-night,
Saying, as she kissed them fondly,
‘Do not drop for me one tear ;
Jesus, Jesus stands beside me :
I am safe while he is near.’ ”

Thus does the Beloved one go down into his garden, and thus does he feed in his garden, *and gather lilies.*

Among other works of usefulness connected with the Circus may be specified—

THE CIRCUS TRACT SOCIETY.

More than 100 persons have associated themselves together, and who circulate themselves the tracts they purchase. During the years '59-'60 were distributed 23,100 tracts at Portsdown fair, 6152 among the seamen of the fleet, while 25,456 were circulated by the members of the tract society generally. Last year the numbers circulated were 34,262 to the

fleet, 5440 to the army, and by the members of the society 30,000.

Evidences have not been wanting to show that a blessing has followed, in many cases, the distribution of these messengers of mercy. Through their medium truth has been scattered far and wide, not only in this locality, but elsewhere. In India, at the Cape, at Malta, and in the far-off West, there have been those who have acknowledged the influence which has followed them from this Circus Tract Association.

It is now three years since that one of the town missionaries, together with other Circus friends, went out, in dependence upon the guidance and protection of God, to circulate tracts and to speak words of warning and of counsel to the multitudes of pleasure-seekers who thronged the roads and avenues leading to Portsdown fair.

One respectable-looking man driving in his chaise was accosted by the missionary, and a tract put in his hand. The reply was anything but courteous; "he was going to Portsdown fair, and would not be interfered with." The missionary responded, "Portsdown fair will avail little upon a sick and dying bed." It was but a few weeks ago that a gentleman accosted this same missionary with the question, "Do you remember me?" The answer was in the negative. "Do you not remember speaking to a person on his way to Portsdown fair, and giving him a tract? Do you not remember you remarked to him, the fair will avail little upon a sick and dying bed? Those words you uttered followed me up the hill; they went with me to the fair; I could not shake them from me; they followed me home; they gave me no rest until I at length was induced to come and hear the word preached

at the Circus. I thank God," he continued, "I have found peace in believing in Jesus; I feel I have an interest in His atoning blood, and in His righteousness can I make my boast."

Thus the Lord, in the exercise of his sovereignty, can make a tract, or an incidental remark accompanying it, to bring about his own great purposes. "A word spoken in season, how good is it."

Thus in many ways the Circus has been, and continues yet to be, a centre of life and light to the surrounding neighbourhood. While it has been an honoured instrument in calling sinners from the thralldom of Satan to the liberty of the gospel, it has at the same time aroused apathy in many quarters, it has excited to a holy emulation, and led others to still more earnest exertions in the *cause of Christ*.

It must, however, never be lost sight of that the work at the Circus is but of a temporary character. It was never contemplated to be anything otherwise. It would be a misfortune if a contrary idea should ever gain ground. The great end in view was the gathering in of wanderers without, who might be led to desire a more excellent way. The expectation and desire was, that such persons would be led to seek the more regular services of the Church, and that in reality the Circus might prove a porch or entrance through which many might enter the sanctuary of the Lord. In fact, that through its instrumentality existing churches might be filled, rather than otherwise, by intelligent and earnest worshippers. The principle which has been pursued, and the object to be attained, has been well expressed by the lord bishop of the diocese in his recent

charge. He writes, when alluding to the many special efforts to bring home the gospel to the people, "Parochial subdivision is not always practicable, and where practicable, not always sufficient. The services to which I have been referring may be classed under the head of the home missionary work of the parochial minister. Measures of a similar tendency, on a larger scale, have been suggested and carried into effect in some instances, all having for their object the extension of the parochial system, and its application to the varied forms of spiritual want, arising among the gatherings of population around some new centre of industry, or in the crowded suburbs of our metropolis and great commercial capitals. Short services and plain expositions of the Word of God, are also among the expedients *which have* been resorted to, with the

same object in view. I am ready to sanction such services whenever desired, provided they do not supersede and are not substituted for any ordinary service of the Church."

The new church of St. Luke's, Marylebone, has just been opened in the immediate vicinity of the Circus, and a clergyman has been licensed to labour in the neighbourhood around it. At one time it was deemed desirable that, with the opening of St. Luke's, the services at the Circus might be brought to a close. This, it was thought, would be a graceful conclusion to a work, the great object of which was to bring souls to a knowledge of the truth, through the ministrations of the Church of England. That idea, however, so far as the present is concerned, has been since abandoned. St. Luke's

Circus ; and so long as the present structure shall be made to hold the preaching of the Word will continue. The Lord in his providence see fit to disallow this arrangement unless any contingency should or adventitious circumstance should arise as in times gone by, so also in the future, if it should ever come, in this strange and untoward time, God willing, "TO THE GOSPEL WILL BE PREACHED."

CHAPTER VII.

“I stand in mine own master’s praise, or fall to his reproof.

If thou lovest, help me with thy blessing ; if otherwise, mine shall be for thee.

If thou approvest, heed my words ; if otherwise, in kindness be my teacher.

* * * * *

Rebuke, then, if thou wilt rebuke, but neither hastily nor harshly ;

Or, if thou wilt commend, be it honestly ; of right :
I work for God and good.”

M. F. TUPPER.

WHEN, some few years since, the news flashed across the Atlantic that, in the New World, the Lord was sending down upon the people showers of spiritual blessings, many were the prayers and earnest longings that in like manner he would

vouchsafe to visit dear Old England. One hundred prayer-meetings, it was represented, were held daily in New York, besides a large number in the great cities of the north and west. "It is most impressive to think," wrote the editor of the *New York Times*, "that over this great land, tens and fifties of thousands of men and women are putting to themselves at this time, in a simple, serious way, the greatest question that can ever come before the human mind." No wonder indeed that intelligence such as this should excite in the hearts of British Christians sincere desires for blessings of a kindred nature. "Let us not be desponding, but hopeful," wrote the late J. Angell James, with reference to this subject, "the voice of this revival in America comes to every country and to every Christian, as the midnight cry of old, 'Behold the bride-

groom cometh.' A new era is struggling in the birth; Christ is moving to reorganize the world. Is it," he continues, "a vision of my imagination; is it only a spectral form which I see? or is it—oh! is it the Saviour himself walking on the waters of the Atlantic, and moving with his face towards Britain? Is it an illusion, or a reality, which leads me to think I hear his voice saying to this country, 'Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me'?" And who shall say that, since that time, God in mercy has not visited our shores? It would savour deeply of ingratitude, of forgetfulness, if not a want of spiritual perception, to affirm that this has not been so. In Scotland, in the north of Ireland, and in many parts of England and Wales, there have been realized seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. And upon

Portsmouth even, in the midst of all the sin, and vice, and degradation which characterize it, some drops of blessing have fallen, as the big clouds, pregnant with loving-kindness and tender mercy have passed over it. In Portsmouth, indeed, as the preceding pages will testify, there has been an awakening, and a real revival of religion, none the less actual, true, and genuine, because it has been without ostentation and lacked excitement. Without ostentation and excitement—these words are used advisedly. For, indeed, in the present day, man's work and the Lord's work are often strangely confounded. There is too much reason to apprehend that, in some quarters, revivals of religion are sought to be manufactured. It would appear to some minds, that a certain amount of machinery has only to be set in motion, and the thing is done.

The thing is not done, nevertheless. All true revival is from above, and in this, as in everything else, Jehovah is a sovereign, and will work how and when he pleases. Ministers should not attempt to force revivals; they should use every means, in season and out of season, to bring home the gospel of Jesus Christ to the hearts of the people, and having done this, they should look upwards for the blessing. The attitude of Christ's ministers should be that of expectant mariners, who, with anchor weighed, and sails outspread, wait for the favouring breeze of heaven to speed them on their way. As the Spirit of God at creation moved upon the face of the waters, even so the wind of the Spirit must breathe upon the masses of the people, or there will be no shaking of the "dry bones," no springing up like "wiltows by the water-courses," no earnest,

shadow my

tion. It is when the sun
high is poured forth, that "one
I am the Lord's, and another s
himself by the name of Jacob;
ther shall subscribe with his ha
the Lord, and surname himself
name of Israel," Isaiah xliv. 5.

While, however, the Lord of
vest alone can command the b
is alike the happy privilege, a
duty of his servants, to labo
wait. In the morning they r
seed, and in the evening th
withhold the hand.

It is indeed cause for unfeigned rejoicing, that while the beautiful Liturgy of the English Church is so admirably adapted to the wants and necessities of public worship, the clergy of that Church, in arranging their spiritual machinery to meet the requirements of their people, are not bound by forms and rubrics. Their school-rooms are still available for short and extempore services, while the prayer-meetings and Bible-classes are acknowledged by nearly every one, to be most valuable adjuncts, to the more regular services of the sanctuary. "Who shall say," inquires the Bishop of Winchester, "who shall say that the clergy connected with 140,000 souls in Lambeth, or with more than 55,000 in St. George's, Southwark, or with 75,000 in Portsea—in which parishes, respectively, 46,000, 12,000, and 15,000 additional sittings are

whatever anords any accommodation
public worship—shall meet their
ioners for religious teaching and co
prayer nowhere but within the
walls of their consecrated church
so restricted, what a mockery woul
to bid them not to forsake the asse
of themselves together? How cal
them to use the Liturgy of our Ch
they are never to meet in commo
ship? It is a matter of thank
that our mouths are not so clos
that our liberty of action has no
fettered by any such suicidal regu
He is breaking no law." his lordsh

uninvited, in those open-air services now familiar to our ears, which have taken their place in many populous districts, among the stated ministrations of our parochial clergy.”*

A season of revival will be one which will ever demand and require much watchfulness and prayer upon the part of the minister of Jesus Christ. He may well rejoice with trembling. If in his parish a period of refreshing has come from the presence of the Lord, the activity of Satan will be aroused. If the good seed of the kingdom is taking root, the enemy will seek to scatter tares. No moral reformation has taken place in the prince of this world. Evil is still his good. He is now as ever the false deceiver of mankind, and

* Charge of the Lord Bishop of Winchester at his eighth visitation.

the active enemy of Christ and his people. If a work of real revival has taken place, he will most certainly seek to bring discredit upon it. He will instigate his agents to interfere. He will endeavour to promote divisions, heart-burnings, and strife. He will manufacture counterfeits, and though he may not thwart the work of God, he will try to bring it into ridicule. Moreover, such a season will ever drive a minister nearer to his God. The very character and magnitude of the work will appal him. His language will be that of one of old, "Who am I, O Lord God? and what is my house, that thou hast brought me hitherto?" 2 Sam. vii. 18. It will lead him to realize, indeed, that the "treasure is placed in earthen vessels," 2 Cor. iv. 7. If the contemplation of the effects of a preached gospel drew forth *from the lips* of an inspired apostle the

inquiry, "Who is sufficient for these things?" (2 Cor. ii. 16), much more will the servant of Christ, running to the Strong for strength, be led to exclaim, "Lord, I am distressed, undertake for me," Isa. xxxviii. 14. He will derive comfort and encouragement from the fact that God's strength is made perfect in weakness (2 Cor. xii. 9), and that, notwithstanding the inadequate nature of the instrument, he is pleased to make use of "the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are," 1 Cor. i. 27, 28.

In reviewing the past, both as it regards Portsmouth and elsewhere, what abundant cause there is for praise and

OF THE GOSPEL.

He has opened doors of usefulness.
has given efficacy to the word of his
He has placed honour upon the proc
tion of his own truth. He has pl
many as brands from the burning, a
has manifested that his arm is still n
to save, as in the days of yore. Th
has done so in a marvellous degree
gards the Circus at Portsmouth has
testified by one who, himself a witn
the first opening, has been no unint
observer of the continued blessing
has followed. At the fourth anni
of the opening of the Circus, the]

gregation convoked by handbills collected. It was on a Sunday evening, and many flocked thither with various feelings and various motives, and from that time to the present it has been a circle of attraction, and a sphere of unexampled interest and usefulness. What a sight was that Circus! From the arena to the roof thousands of eyes were beholding the conflict between light and darkness, for there dark understandings were enlightened; there the unsearchable riches of Christ were displayed, and there the affections of men flowed out to the goodness of the Lord and upward to the source and channel of that goodness; and, being surrounded with so great a cloud of witnesses, the preacher sought to find out acceptable words, and he rejoiced to know that they were words of truth. There, in that Circus, the one sacrifice was proclaimed, the one sanctuary

pointed out, the one Saviour exalted. There the Scriptures were the mine in which the preacher worked. He was a scribe, well instructed unto the kingdom of heaven, and from his treasury he brought forth things new and old. And that was not all: the Holy Ghost set his seal to that work, writing it, not on the ears only, but on the fleshy tables of the heart. He was glad to meet them again to thank God for his continued smile of favour, and to congratulate them on the unity that prevailed between minister and people, superintendent and teachers, Scripture readers and choir, and all the various instrumentalities that existed for exemplifying the gospel of peace."

And yet how much remains to be done. Satan still continues the God of *this world*. Iniquity abounds, while the

love of many waxes cold. The Lord's name is dishonoured by the multitude, while his day is desecrated and his Word unheeded. "The harvest is great; the labourers are few; the loiterers and hinderers are many; the souls of men are perishing; the misery of sinners is great, and the everlasting misery to which they are near is greater." How loudly does all this call upon those who labour in word and doctrine to be up and doing. Oh, for more unwearied exertion in the Lord's vineyard! for more earnest activity! for more plainness of speech and faithfulness to the Master in setting forth his truth! for more prayerful waiting at a throne of grace, and more reliance upon his promises and faithfulness!

"Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts; if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a

nough to receive it, ~~that~~

“Lord, thou has been favourable unto thy land: thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob.

“Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people: thou hast covered all their sin

“Wilt thou not revive us again, that thy people may rejoice in thee?

“Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him, that glory may dwell in our land.

“Yea, the Lord shall give us that which is good: righteousness shall go before us, and shall set us in the way

WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN F. SHAW & CO.,

48, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C., AND 27, SOUTHAMPTON ROW,
W.C., LONDON.

WORKS BY THE REV. O. WINSLOW, D.D.

Divine Realities; or, Spiritual Reflections for the
Saint and the Sinner. Imp. 32mo, 2s. 6d., cloth.

Morning Thoughts; or, Daily Walking with God.
A Portion for Every Day in the Year.—January to June.
Imp. 32mo, 2s. 6d. July to December. 2s. 6d. cloth.

Evening Thoughts; or, Daily Walking with God.
A Portion for Every Day in the Year.—January to June.
Imp. 32mo, 3s. July to December. Imp. 32mo, 3s. cloth.

Hidden Life: Memorials of J. Whitmore Winslow.
Seventh Thousand. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

Life in Jesus: A Memoir of Mrs. Mary Winslow.
By her Son, OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D.D. Twelfth Thou-
sand. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. cloth.

"It is indeed a most precious addition to the stores of our Christian Biography.....The volume is admirably written, and the fine materials of which it consists are well disposed of.....We sincerely thank Dr. Winslow for this invaluable contribution of his prolific pen. We wish all our readers to become acquainted with Mrs. Winslow."—*Evangelical Magazine*.

End; or, The Proximate Signs of the Close
his Dispensation. New Edition, revised. Eighth T
and. Post 8vo, 5s. cloth.

o reader watching the solemn signs of the day can fail t
the leading positions and applications of prophecy laid down i
are receiving increasing light from every part of the earth.
'We heartily recommend it, and wish it, at this solemn
at circulation.'—*Morning Herald*.

Voices of the Night. Sixteenth Thousand,
larged. Post 8vo, 5s. cloth.

"We can emphatically call this volume a book for the Christ
ristian Guardian, September.

"The great charm of the present volume is, that it presents
ing of an united aspect. The subjects are poetical, but the
ent is in the highest degree real and practical."—*Journal of*
literature, edited by Dr. Kitto.

Voices of the Day. Eleventh Thousand, enl
Fcap. 8vo, 5s. cloth.

"Dr. Cumming's readers, like his hearers, are carried aw
orrent of eloquence; they feel that an earnest man is ad
hem."—*Christian Times*.

Voices of the Dead. Eighth Thousand.
9vo. 5s. cloth.

"A series of somewhat similar stru
Voices of the Day."

PATERNOSTER ROW, AND SOUTHAMPTON ROW.

WORKS BY REV. DR. CUMMING—*Continued.*]

Christ Receiving Sinners. Twenty-second
Thousand. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d. cloth.

"Most heartily do we commend this volume."—*Christian Lady Magazine.*

"A valuable little work."—*Christian Times.*

* * At the earnest solicitation of many persons, a cheaper edition of this valuable work is now published, price 1s., or 12 for 10s. 6d.

Expository Readings on the Pentateuch
Complete in 5 vols., 20s. cloth.

Sabbath Morning Readings on the Old Testament.

THE BOOK OF GENESIS. Eighth Thousand. 4
cloth.

THE BOOK OF EXODUS. Fifth Thousand. 4s. cloth.

THE BOOK OF LEVITICUS. Fifth Thousand. 4
cloth.

THE BOOK OF NUMBERS. 4s. cloth.

THE BOOK OF DEUTERONOMY. 4s. cloth.

THE BOOKS OF JOSHUA AND JUDGES. 6
cloth.

God in History; or, Facts Illustrative of the Presence and Providence of God in the Affairs of Men
Eighth enlarged Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d. cloth.

"The work before us, we doubt not, will command an extensive sale."—*Eclectic Review.*

"As a work of history, the work is valuable."—*Sherborne Journal*

A Word in Season; or, Comforting Thoughts to the Bereaved. Second Edition, enlarged. 2s. cloth.

Urgent Questions: Personal, Practical, and Pointed. Imp. 32mo, 2s. 6d. cloth; or extra cloth, gilt edges, 3s.

PATERNOSTER ROW, AND SOUTHAMPTON ROW.

New work by "A. L. O. E."

The Lost Jewel ; a Tale, by "A. L. O. E.," Author of "The Young Pilgrim," etc. With Coloured Frontispiece. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"The genuine religious sentiments which it contains and enunciates, render the volume itself a *jewel*, which all mothers should procure for themselves and their children. Most earnestly do we recommend our readers to place 'The Lost Jewel' in their libraries."—*British Mothers' Journal*.

"This book is a very good one, pervaded by the Gospel of Christ."—*British Standard*.

The Country Pastor and his Flock ; or, Stories of My Parish. By the Rev. BARTON BOUCHIER. With Illustrations. First Series, fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth, gilt. Second Series, 3s. 6d. cloth, gilt.

"After the model of Legh Richmond's 'Annals of the Poor;' and a very interesting work it is."—*Literary Churchman*.

"'Stories of my Parish' is a study worthy of admiration; the execution is that of a highly-cultivated mind, moved by a warm and apostolic heart."—*Christian Times*.

God's Presence with His People. Illustrated in the History of the Ark of the Covenant. By T. S. HENDERSON, Author of "Kenneth Forbes," etc. Fcap. 8vo, with Illustrations, 3s. 6d. cloth.

"The idea of this book is exceedingly good, and is well wrought out."—*Evangelical Magazine*.

"The author has produced a book exceedingly simple and readable—the author's object has been to make a profitable book, and has succeeded well."—*The Freeman*.

"It is all we can desire, and the style is very agreeable."—*Christian Weekly News*.

Woodcroft, and its Elder Daughters. By O of Themselves. 1 vol. fcap. 8vo, 5s. cloth.
An admirable present for young ladies on leaving school.

Following Fully ; an Illustrative Narrative Founded on Fact. By the Author of "WHISPER THE PALMS," etc. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d. cloth.

A touching narrative of self-denying labour among the sick *outcast*.

